

## Confession by returntosaturn

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-01-11

**Updated:** 2018-01-11

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 15:20:15

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 922

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“Hey,” she whispers, reaching to grab his hands . “Don't do that to yourself. It wasn't your fault.”

“It wasn't yours either,” he says, and the gravity of exactly what he means weighs in the air so heavily that she almost speaks over him in an effort to will it away.

// Jonathan reveals an important truth to Nancy that night at Murray's.

## Confession

Once the door slams and they've made enough sense of their hands and mouths to do something other than grapple at each other, he surprises her.

Instead of walking her backwards until she's the one with her back to mattress, just like it happens in all the movies and romantic novels, he turns. Just a little guiding step she barely notices until he's pulling her down, his hair is falling off his face, and her knees are on either side of his narrow hips.

His hands are at her wrists, and the idea that he's simultaneously giving her control while guiding her where he wants her makes her pause, blink for a moment, catch her breath in the dim light.

There's a long silence, filled with only their breathing. She tries to decipher the glint in his dark eyes, but he's always been too good at hiding. But she can't miss the definite decision that flickers there, and then he reaches up to stroke his thumb over her cheek.

"Nancy..." He pushes himself up on one elbow, and the hand on her cheek falls away too suddenly to mirror the other so he's steady, resolute when he looks back up at her.

"I need to tell you something. I'm sorry I didn't say anything earlier, and I...I get it if you hate me after, but I need you to know before..." He clamps his eyes shut at the last part, nods his head as if he's assuring himself.

"What is it?" she asks, and finds her hand has reached out to trace the texture of his nightshirt.

He's looking away, and she watches his shoulders draw right before he releases. "I...I lied to you. Um...Steve didn't *ask* me to take you home Halloween night. I...He..."

He sighs, and she feels him drawing away, shifting like he'll crawl from under her any second.

“What do you mean?” She tries to temper her tone into something that isn’t mad or shocked—because she’s not, she just doesn’t get it.

“He saw me there,” he continues in a breathless huff, without his usual calculated, thoughtful pace. It’s all out now. “He saw me, and kinda...you know...” He shrugs. “I went upstairs to find you because it was obvious something had happened, and when I found you, I got you downstairs and...I took you home.”

She is quiet, one hand still on his shoulder but her gaze above them, at the wall over his head.

“He didn’t... *leave* you there. He just saw me, and gave me this look and I...I didn’t know if I should tell you, then. I didn’t want to complicate things. It was just the easiest out for everyone if I said he asked. I’m sorry.”

She’s reeling, but she’s really not sure why. She’s not surprised. She’s not angry. She’s just...guilty. All over again, it crawls back in, but this time Barb’s not the first face that comes to mind.

She swallows when her eyes start to sting. “Okay,” is all she says.

“I’m sorry,” he says softly, cueing her to look down at him.

His eyes are focused on the space between them, brows furrowed.

“Hey,” she whispers, reaching to grab his hands. “Don’t do that to yourself. It wasn’t your fault.”

“It wasn’t yours either,” he says, and the gravity of exactly what he means weighs in the air so heavily that she almost speaks over him in an effort to will it away.

“No. No, what I said that night was...true. Harsh but it was true. Maybe I shouldn’t have said it like that, but I shouldn’t have gotten wasted either. We’ve all done...a lot of things we don’t mean.”

She says it just to make him feel better really, but she’s talking to herself too. She didn’t mean for any of this to happen, not intentionally. But there’s lots of things she wishes she could take back now.

Silence, again. His fingers trace the curve of her elbow through her nightgown, and it sparks her back to reality, to what they've intended to do, to why they're here now, in the same room, in a journalist-turned-conspirator's house, fumbling over one another.

"You're right about what you said earlier," she says resolutely. "Everything's different...but we can't waste time being mad about it."

He gives a smile, small and thin and it flickers away quickly.

"I think I ruined it," he says quietly, a tentative jest, reaching up to push her hair over her shoulder.

"I think it can be whatever we want it to be." Her fingers touch the collar of his shirt.

His hands fall beside her, and for a moment she watches indecision etch over his features. His fingers brush the outside of her thighs, just beside her knees, then inch a little higher and pause. She can practically feel him thinking through every possibility, every outcome. His fingers tremble.

Just when she's about to say something to pull him back to reality, he's there, one hand coming up to press against her cheek, guiding her down to meet him in a hurried kiss, then another slower, more deliberate one. He turns slightly, and she gets the idea, shifting to lay beside him.

He pulls away. "Is it alright...?"

She reaches to trace the sharp line of his jaw. She can't think of a verbal answer that won't sound cliché or contrived or placating. So she leans in and guides the kiss this time instead.

**Author's Note:**

[allscissorsallpaper](#) on tumblr.